

The Memoirs of Nudge Squidfish

Chapter 2: UFOs Buzz Washington D.C.



For our nation's capital July of 1952 was a very strange month. On Saturday July 26th, the day after my birth, a fleet of UFOs were buzzing the White House. **Harry Truman** was raising hell with his military aid Robert B. Landry, who in turn was raising hell with Air Force Intelligence officer Ed Ruppelt. The Air Force, MAJ-12, Harry Truman and the CIA were under public pressure to explain UFO flybys to the world press.

The 1st cycle of UFO flybys had started on 19th-20th of July 1952. It had been a shitstorm for Albert M. Chop who was press spokesman for Project Blue. Project Blue Book had been tasked with coming up with an explanation for the UFO phenomenon. But the second flyby 26th-27th of



July 1952 had Harry Truman shitting his Missouri overhauls. Albert was no bimbo from Idaho. He dropped 10 yards and punted. Enter Air Force brass Major General John Samford, Director of Intelligence and his bud Roger Ramey, Director of Operations. During the 26th -27th "flyby" all the phone lines had become gridlocked due to the public's hysteria. Samford & Ramey had to lied to the world to stop the chaos.

On July 29th these two yo-yos were expounding "technological bullshit" at the largest pentagon press conference since World War II. It was TV America coast to coast. The jive was live and prime time. A shark feed for news networks. Truly manna from heaven's cash register. Yea! Later on, even Hollywood jumped on the big buck bandwagon. Everybody was looking to get paid. Books, coffee cups, tee-shirts, whoopie!! Even San Francisco beatniks stoned on weed were in shock. The whole nation was just glaring at the tube. Americans just kept muttering "temperature inversion hypothesis" incessantly during coffee breaks. The game was under foot doctor Watson.

On November 18th 1952 **President-Elect Dwight D Eisenhower** received an "Eyes Only" estimate of the situation by MAJESTIC 12. It had been 5 years since the Soviet Union launched Sputnik and Military Industrial Complex was feverishly subverting Eisenhower's control over the UFO phenomena. 1952 had seen Harry Truman's A-bomb get upgraded to Eisenhower's Hydrogen bomb. Moreover, Puerto Rico had become the first U.S. commonwealth and Hollywood had just introduced cinemascope movies to the masses. Cha-ching! Against this backdrop the infant Squidly sneaked into the UFO circus on the early morning of Friday the 25th at 2:47 AM. I was just another baby who had to learn how to puke his pablum and get his half Sician ass greased down with Johnson's Baby Oil. So there I was. Who the fuck are these people. WTF? Oh Shit!

Before Kathleen Trapp, my dad had been married to a Jewish woman. She had produced 2 girls and a son "Donald Martin" of Long Island New York. Mom said she had dumped his heartbroken ass for another man. (*The fucking you get ain't like the fucking you take Bubba! Fucking-A!*) Also, that year "Your Cheatin Heart" was a big hit for Hank Williams which was kind of ironic. I wonder if Dad ever cried over his beer? Oh well, on with the show.

Mom had hooked up with dad while on a vacation down in Miami. Before moving there for the first time, my father would make visits. My understanding is that back then the mob ran Miami. Mom's father George Trapp of Ohio was first cousin to Captain Georg Von Trapp of "**The Sound Of Music**" fame. The Broadway show starred Mary Martin in the 1959 Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. However, the 1965 movie version starred Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer. The movie became a worldwide smash hit. It was the number one box office movie and the highest-grossing film of 1965 even surpassing the "speed freak" David O. Selznick's "Gone with the Wind". When Great Grandfather Von Trapp came to America they dropped the "Von" in the last name. Then some of the clan chose to settle on the westside of Columbus Ohio sometime in the Mid-1920s. Like the Frank Matto they wanted to fit into the new American W.A.S.P. culture.

Hitler had ran the grandpa's first cousin, Navy Captain Von Trapp out of Salzburg Austria in 1939. On three different occasions Captain Von Trapp had refused the Nazis and the jig was up. Get out of dodge or end up as ash in a flowerpot. Moverover, like Frank Matto, Captain Georg Von Trapp was 25 years older than his second wife (and x nun) Maria Kutschera. Actually, two of their sons Rupert & Werner joined the US Army's 10th mountain division ski unit and fought Nazi troops in Germany. Anyway, grandma was from the Dole Clan out of Ireland. The Great Grandmother Dole was horticulturist and had made a tidy sum off creating some type of new flower which became popular in the late 1890s. My uncle once told me that she had built her mansion out of 100% walnut wood. When my mother's people, the Doles' and Trapps' of Columbus hooked up they bought a small 67 acre farm just outside of New Albany Ohio.

Large families were the status quo for Catholics back then. On dad's side there were 10 kids and on mom's side there were 9. (Some serious fucking going with my ancestors.) My aunt said that Mom got all straight A's in High School. She had entered a catholic college for nursing and was doing very well until she fell out of a barn loft and went into a coma for a few weeks. When she came out of it her behavior had changed. The doctors had diagnosed her behavior as Manic Depressive Schizophrenia. I always suspected it was due to a brain injury from the fall.

A few months later, the Manic Depressive Schizophrenia behavior got so bad she got kicked out of the nursing program. So to get away and sort her life out, she goes on vacation to Miami and meets my vacationing father. My mother must have known about my Dad's spy craft but she never said a word to me about it. Even when she was getting letters from South America. The only explanation I ever got for my father's absence was that he had a "bad heart" or that he was in trouble and the mob was trying to help him.

Somewhere along the way Squidly's ass was dropped off at the farm. I was never able to get an explanation from the family for this decision. Most of mom's sisters and brothers

resented the situation. I remember always trying to get away from them by exploring the farmlands and woods. I would play in the pastures and was very unaware of the negative attitudes towards the situation. Then suddenly a few years later Mom shows up on my grandmother's doorstep and drops off my baby sister. Poor Sissy. Ka-Boom! This threw the Trapp clan in to total chaos. After an attempted strangulation of my Grandmother the Trapps committed mom to the nuthouse for 4 years so as to receive shock therapy. (Buzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!) You talk about wackos, I've lived wacko. Been there done that.

To regress, as a toddler I do remember my Mom & Dad's 2nd floor apartment in the Pocono Mountains. I remember the house next door not allowing me to play with their toddler in the backyard. I was bad juju for some reason. Maybe they knew I was a Mafia baby? This pattern of social rejection continued all through my life. The Sword of Damocles always overshadowed my interaction with other humans. I never fit in with trash or polite society. I had no parental training in situational awareness. My social skills were gained by repeated trial and error. It took me 20 years to master a social art of saying "no".

Resource sharing or status recognition were often exploited by others. Tit for tat was always a game I lost. The only difference is that now I don't give a rat's ass. To me it's about the heart and not the wallet. I don't think my soul is from earth. Proactive giving is my modus operandi. I would say that all my friends have a strong moral compass. I got this "PhD" from living on the streets. It taught me to read people's hearts by way of their actions. The streets are ruled by self interests. It can be a motherfucker if you have no one to show you the ropes. Everybody deserves a safe home. To each his own and all of it is good. After my mother's death in 1997. I was shocked to discover she was one of the prime fund raisers in the construction of the Ohio State Stadium. It just goes to show you that humans are very complicated animals.

Around 1955 my parents dropped me off at my grandmother's farm. It seemed very confusing to me. There was a lot of resentment towards my folks. To this day my aunts and uncles refuse to tell me what the real story was. All I knew was that I missed my mommy and I was alone and scared. But the farm was a magical place packed full with horses, sheep, cows, geese and chickens. I ran wild unsupervised in the mysteries of Mother Nature's bossem.

I was about 4 years old when I had my first mystical experience. I was hunting butterflies in the endless oat fields. On the left side of the field was treeline. About a 100 feet up in the canopy sat about 200 ravens. The silence was suddenly broken by their thundering shrill cries of danger. Danger. Danger. Danger! I was in shock and awe. It was as if they were trying to warn me of the coming doom. I didn't understand until my early 40s that they were trying to warn me. I was going to tread the path of life's sorrows. It was a powerful spiritual experience. It shook me to my core. It also foreshadowed the "initiate" I would become under the gentle tutelage of the "masters of wisdom".

My 1st year on the farm introduced me to the child management tool of TV. My grandmother was afraid of my free spirit so she turned me on to **Howdy Doody**, **The Lone Ranger**, **Fireball XL 5**, **Mighty Mouse**, and the **Mickey Mouse Club**. I began binge TV at an early age. These were American children's shows. I watched. From them I learn about the world beyond the farm. I didn't understand these shows but I always sat glued to the tube when

they were on. My grandmother's family loved the westerns called Bonanza and Gun Smoke. I would often play in the barn pretending to be a superhero like Mighty Mouse. When I was about 5 years old I got a Mighty Mouse Tee-Shirt which came with a cape. It was too cool! And just like the Superman TV show I could save the earth by flying from one barn to another while vanquishing the evil imagery villains.

One of the barns had 4 grain storage bin which were about 100 cubic square feet deep. Tweety birds would often become trapped in the large glass venting windows. Most of the time they were near death from the struggle to escape and were flylessly trap. I didn't mess with the rats but the birds I would catch then hightail it down to the pig pen were these 250 Lbs hogs got a bit of "meat" in their slop. Most of the kitchen waste went into an indescribable mixture called "Slop"! Slop consisted of coffee grinds, egg shells, wax coated paper milk cartons, dead animal carcasses, newspapers, snakes, rats, and table scraps; to which was added grain, water and antibiotics. The only thing we didn't add was plastic, metal or glass. Even the ash from burned trash was mix into the slop. The pigs loved it.

At feed time we would load up the slop feeders and call "Suey", then out in the field I'd see 50 or 60 hogs stamping toward the feeders. I was never allowed in the hog pen. It was way too dangerous! But I do remember my uncles cutting their balls off a few weeks after they were born. Oh boy! Lots of mud and blood. Also, because hogs love to root up barns, fences and trees; we would put metal rings in their noses. Wow! Sucks to be a hog! Sometimes an adult hog would have their ring ripped out in a fight. It would take 4 grown men to re-ring one of those bad boys. But when a hog tries to eat another hog his ass immediately got butchered and ended up in my grandmother's deep freezers.

The freezer on the front porch were viciously patrolled by mud wasps. In the summer if I wanted a popsicle grandmother would have to bug spray the shit out of the wasp's nest before I went out there. They were some means ass wasps and the porch was their turf. I used to love to pee on the Texas longhorn steers. The cow barn basement housed about 60 longhorns. The basement floor was 2 to 3 feet deep in manure. Overtop of the basement was a hay barn which was about 3 stories high. There were square holes spaced evenly throughout the top floor which allow for bails of feed hay to be dropped to the cows below. Below each hole was a v-shape "feed catch" which made it easy for the cows to feed. As they joyfully munched on their hay, I used to love to pee on the critters. They live in shit. They didn't notice all. It smelled bad!

Another caper was to find a nest in the hay loft. I was always elated when I found another abandoned 6 month old; freshly baked egg nest, of seriously rotten eggs. These eggs would bake in the summer barn with temperatures well above 110 degrees. Only a skunk's spray is worst. I would blast rotten eggs at the longhorns. They never even notice. Damn, half the time they would eat the yummy treats! Sometimes my uncle would use a backhoe to fill up a 3 or 5 ton Manure spreader which was pulled by a John Deere tractor. The device would sling cow shit about 150 feet into the air in a 180 degree arc. If you made the mistake of walking into it shit would rain down on you.

My major fun was at the end of summer during hay baling. There were 6 or 7 tractors pulling wagons following behind this machine that cut then ejected bails of hay behind it. There was always 20 or 30 people helping to load the bales onto the wagons. My uncle allowed me at 5

years of age to drive one the wagons. Top speed was about 5 miles per hour. It was a lot of fun but very hot and sweaty. My grandmother kept this flock of white geese. The birds were huge! Anywhere from 50 to 75 Lbs. Even the dogs wouldn't fuck with the geese. They would chase me into the house and were mean. Their eggs were half the size of a football and I loved to hunt for their nests.

I was always on a quest for rotten eggs.

I had rigged up a couple of bushel baskets in the hay loft and had about 100 pigeons roosting up in the gables. They would lay their eggs and when the eggs hatch I would climb up and feed them grain. It was always a sight to behold when they took fly in mass and do circles around the barnyard. The farm was a lonely place for a kid to grow up. The nearest farm was about 4 miles away so I had nobody but my dog Sambo to play with. He was a purebred coal black irish retriever. My uncle Butch had a mean dog. Spot had attack me and bit my face. I still have the scars. This dog hated my guts. It wanted me dead. Spot was always bullying Sambo and me. However, one day he had his leg cut off. Yey! By a hay cutter, but my uncle Butch had the vets reattach it. Bummer! As things turned out he got rabies from a raccoon. Uncle Butch put Spot down. Yey!

When I was first dropped off at the farm my Uncle Butch had just gotten out of the army. He chewed Red Horse Tobacco and his teeth were black and slightly roiten. He could hock a pearl up to 15 feet. Spitting was into a can or at the farm animals. Was the fashionable thing for farmers back then. If you went to a tractor pull there would be 50 or 60 of them hocking loogies gleefully as they talked. They always tried to get me into chewing tobacco but I ran away. Fuck that Shit!

Uncle Butch like to tease me. He kept telling me that grandmother wanted to sell me to the "niggers". Say What Cracker? What You Sayin Willis"? At the time I had never seen a black person and was clueless. I was terrified that if I got sold the black people might eat me. On a farm things get ate! That all I knew. It is kind of weird that I was raised in a racist family. Little did I know that the storm clouds of crisis were about to engulf my being. The crows of doom were indeed coming home to roost. My soul had a plan. I was about to ride on karma's roller coaster. Buckle up Squid! Its asshole and elbow time. Life or death. You must choose. Don't blink. Keep Faith Son.